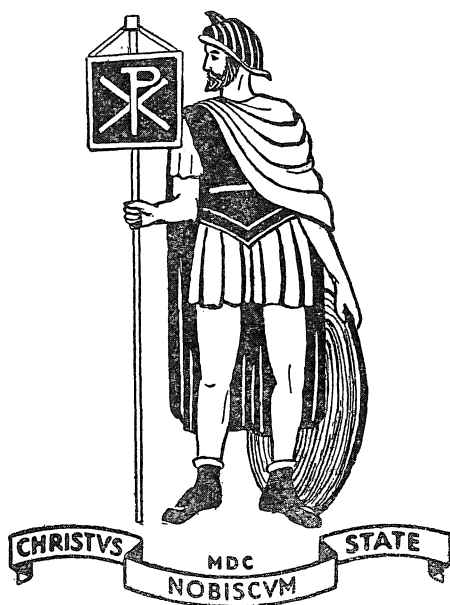


The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1959

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 122

MARCH, 1959.

EDITOR : Mr. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Bailey, Lancaster, Alison Jones, Gillian Clews, Juliet Ross, Sheila Sheppard, Judith Tallis.

EDITORIAL

In publishing the last issue of the School Magazine which he will supervise, the Editor regretfully bids farewell to our readers. During the years since 1923, when he took over responsibility for its publication, the *Record* has appeared regularly at the end of each term and, with the growth in numbers of scholars past and present, its circulation has increased from about one hundred per issue to over seven hundred. It is gratifying to note that a number of present subscribers have been on our list since 1923, and it has been due to such steady support as this that the Editor has been encouraged to meet the difficulties that have confronted him from time to time.

As he resigns from the editorship, he wishes to put on record his appreciation of all the help that he has received during these thirty-six years; for without the co-operation of others, the *Record* would long ago have become defunct. Thanks are extended to the successive committees which have done such valuable work in such a number of ways; to the many members of the staff for selecting and passing on contributions term after term; and last, but by no means least, to the large band of pupils who, through the years, have so valiantly delivered by hand, in all sorts of weather, copies of the magazine to former scholars. Amid all the rush and bustle which has always attended on publication at the end of term, too little appreciation may have been shown; but at this time the Editor wishes to atone for any shortcomings on his part in this respect, and to express his heartfelt thanks to them all.

Finally, though the editors may change, the *Record* goes on. All success, therefore, to the magazine. May it continue to provide one very important link between Old Scholars of all periods and the present school.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

*Ash, D. (VI), 1957-58.

*Hayes, H. A. (VI), 1953-58.

Parish, L. J. S. (IIb), 1957-58
Biggs, L. D. (Ia), 1958.

* Prefect.

SALVETE

Cleeton, P. W. (VI).
Jeays, T. M. (VI).
Stevenson, S. A. (IVb).

Willis, I. A. (IIa).
Jeays, R. F. (Ia).

There have been 332 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

President: Miss J. Young.

Treasurer: Mrs. D. Taylor.

Secretary: C. H. Strain,
112, Hertford Road,
Alcester.

Winter Reunion

The Winter Reunion, held at the School on the evening of Saturday, December 20th, commenced with a short business meeting. This was very poorly attended; in fact, it was some time before the meeting could begin, as there were not sufficient members present to transact business. The secretary reported that the past year had been a successful one socially, and had included the Guild's first dinner dance, which took place in October. It is hoped that it will be possible to make a dinner dance an annual event. The treasurer's report showed that the Guild was financially sound.

The retiring president, J. M. Stewart, expressed his thanks to the committee for their loyal support during his three years of office. On behalf of the Guild, J. Mahoney thanked the retiring president for his work over the many years during which he had served on the committee and held the offices of secretary and president.

The following officers were elected :—

President: Miss J. Young.

Secretary: C. H. Strain.

Assistant Secretary: Jennifer Burden.

Treasurer: Mrs. D. Taylor.

Committee: Alcester, G. P. Baylis, J. Mahoney, G. H. Canning, B. Mills; Studley, Mrs. M. Feast, W. McCarthy, P. Feast; Bidford, B. Slaughter, Mrs. S. Latham; Stratford, Betty Phillips; Great Alne and Haselor, J. M. Stewart; Oversley, Mrs. N. Williams; Astwood Bank, T. Savage.

The question of Old Scholars being allowed to bring friends to reunions was raised. It was decided that the committee should investigate the rules of the Guild, with a view to a proposition being put at the Summer Reunion.

At the conclusion of the business meeting a programme of games and dancing was organised by T. Savage and W. McCarthy. Music was provided by records. Table tennis was available throughout the evening. An interval was taken for a buffet supper, arranged by Mrs. Rutter, in the canteen dining-room. The reunion continued until midnight, when it was brought to a conclusion with "Auld Lang Syne," "The Queen," and the Grand Goodnight.

Dance

A dance was held on Friday, January 9th, in the Memorial Hall, Shottery, with music by The Moonrakers. Although bad weather affected the attendance, so that there was a small loss, the event was a social success.

Easter Dance

The annual Easter dance will be held on Tuesday, March 31st, in the Town Hall, Alcester. The Dennis Wheeler Quartet will provide the music. Tickets (6/- single) are obtainable from the secretary and all committee members. Admission will be by ticket only, and numbers are limited.

Summer Reunion

The date of the Summer Reunion in July has not yet been decided upon.

Guild Ties, etc.

Ties, badges and scarves may be obtained from Mrs. Feast, The Swan, Studley.

BIRTHS

- On September 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Martin (née Pamela Feast)—a son.
On October 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Munro (née Kathleen Roberts)—a daughter.
On December 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Moizer (née Joan Horseman)—a son.
On December 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Randall (née Joan Waring)—a son.
On December 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Drew—a daughter.
On December 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver (née Vera Stallard)—a daughter.
On January 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Symonds (née Marie Craddock)—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

- On December 11th, at Studley, Albert William Jones to Phyllis M. Jarrett (scholar 1919-21).
On December 27th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Richard J. L. Simmons to Elizabeth Ann Langford (scholar 1946-50).
On December 27th, at Stratford-on-Avon, David Cowper to Sheila Margaret Winspear (scholar 1948-55).
On December 27th, at Coughton, Donald Yapp (scholar 1937-44) to Margaret Williams.
On December 27th, at Rottingdean, Albert E. Rabone (scholar 1938-42) to Jeannette Fagene.
On January 3rd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Brian William Bott to Fay Yvonne Jackson (scholar 1951-56).
On February 7th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Trevor Williams to Philippa C. Whateley (scholar 1951-56).

DEATHS

On January 4th, at Studley, Mabel Dora Moss (née Clay) (scholar 1916-1919).

On February 6th, at Stratford-on-Avon, George William Harry Burdett (scholar 1919-24).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Mrs. J. Badcock (née Prosser) is now living in Australia.

* * * *

P. Burden has passed his examination for the First Mate's Certificate.

* * * *

J. Smart and M. Coleman had a surprise meeting in a street in Adelaide. And it happened to be J. Smart's birthday.

* * * *

P. L. Seeney has completed a four-year apprenticeship in the Air Engineering Branch of the Royal Navy. He is now an Aircraft Artificer, 5th class.

* * * *

D. Jenkins, who joined the Merchant Navy last year, had the unusual experience of sailing round the world on his first voyage.

* * * *

Lynden Parish is now living in Nassau, Bahamas.

AT THE TURN OF A LEAF

Hard though public library work is, light moments are many. The people who frequent the large metropolitan libraries, especially those in Central London, are numerous and varied; some ordinary, some pleasant, some eccentric, some disagreeable, coming from all walks of life and all districts in and around London. A high percentage of them are just names and faces, who rush in and out to change their books during brief lunch hours. Utter chaos can reign and, if a library ticket is mislaid, confusion is created in the mind of staff and readers alike. In the midst of a busy period, one member of the staff looked beseechingly at the reader who had handed her his book and enquired, "It wouldn't be Mr. Whidditt, would it?" provoking much amusement for all within earshot.

On another occasion, a visiting chief librarian was watching the issuing of books by the recently-installed mechanical system, when something fluttered out of a book. The machine operator took no notice, as all the staff have become inured to having books, tickets, handbags and cases dropped on to them from the sloping counter, always accompanied by profuse apologies from the dropper and greeted by a fixed but wan smile from the victim. A few seconds later, a grinding of metal on metal

screeched through the library and the machine stopped. A bus ticket, used as a bookmark, proved to be the offending object, much to the disgust, mingled with laughter, of various members of the staff. The finishing touch was put to the situation when our own chief asked one of the senior assistants in a confidential tone, "How did the bus ticket get into the machine?" a remark which proved too much for even the most stolid of the staff.

A reader who never proves popular is the one who demands, and is supposed to receive, preferential treatment. One man whom we should be honoured to number amongst our borrowers is a composer and conductor who, knowing himself to be in a strong position, constantly pretends that he does not know where the music books and scores are kept and insists on being led to the shelves and having each item found for him. Patience is essential to a librarian, but no one person can hope to monopolise an assistant's time in a busy borough. Another, who belongs to this category, is an important member of various committees who thinks that the library exists solely for him; not only does he receive books before the ordinary public, but he regularly keeps them overdue. Much to our glee recently, an irate message was delivered by the librarian of another borough, saying that this gentleman had a book outstanding from August. His only comment: "Oh!"

Another bane of our life is the children. By some unfortunate structural fault of the building, the junior library is on the first floor, directly above the lending library, and the patter of feet, from tiny to enormous in size, becomes a perpetual thunder on the stairs. Officially, children are not allowed in the adult library without express permission, but one child specialises in slipping in when the counter assistant has turned her back for an instant. This particular infant then creeps round beneath the level of the counter and, if attempts are made to catch her, screams at the top of her voice, causing comments of "What a disgrace that that girl should be in the library!" from the business men and secretaries thronging the building. Even if she is successfully ejected, only the mention of "Police" will remove her from swinging on the doors, still screaming her head off. Possibly one of the brightest incidents involving children was when the local Billy Bunter was seen with a hula-hoop firmly wedged round his not inconsiderable middle; the extrication scene was equally amusing.

Amusement is not caused only by junior borrowers. When one of our male assistants went to the newspaper room to change the papers exhibited on large stands, set at a comfortable height for reading by people standing up, he saw to his horror, beneath one of the stands, a pair of bare legs whose nakedness seemed to stretch alarmingly far upward. Apprehensive about what he might find, he peered round the corner and found to his relief merely a woman who invariably wears a brief pair of men's short, topped with a khaki hip-length mackintosh. Relieved, he turned away to be confronted by one of the several tramps, who frequent the room because of its comparative warmth, calmly frying

chips over the gas-fire. These tramps also "inhabit" the Reference Library and one at least has neatly evaded the no-sleeping by-law; he wears a hat with a large brim which effectively excludes the possibility of discovering whether he is sleeping or legitimately poring over the book on the table in front of him.

Borrowers who use the library at the more peaceful times become entities in their own right and stop for a chat with the assistants. At times this can prove embarrassing. By the end of one Saturday afternoon a certain assistant felt that she had lost about fifteen years of her age. One borrower, in the course of conversation, said that she had used the library since before the assistant had been thought of, let alone started work. (The library in question opened in 1947!) The next borrower had his books stamped with a cheery "Thank you, little girl," on his way out. Stripped of years, hair ribbon at a jaunty angle, skirts brief, at least in her imagination, the girl watched Methuselah leave the building.

Experiences like these are not isolated but occur every day, bringing amusement to some, embarrassment to others. We often wonder if the public finds us as funny as we find them—or possibly as infuriating.

BARBARA DRULLER (scholar 1942-53).

CRUEL JUSTICE

The shadows were deepening and dusk came creeping quietly and wrapped its folds of darkness round the old farm house and adjoining barns and pens. Silence descended upon the scene and one by one the lights in each window were extinguished. There was no one to see or hear the red bushy-tailed visitor, who carefully sidled his way round the corner of the hay ricks and under wire fences, and at last under a space near the floor of the largest hen house. The next moment panic reigned in the pen. The noise awakened the watch dog and soon the farmer, gun in hand, was in the yard. He was too late, however, to save several of his best hens and the poor creatures lay dead and mutilated on the floor of the pen. The red visitor had vanished as silently as he had come.

We have all been taught that justice in one form or another always seems to catch up with whoever deserves it. Thus, the next morning that same not very large red fox met the same cruel fate he had inflicted the previous night in the farm yard. For some moments pandemonium broke out as the foxhounds swarmed over each other to reach the fox; and then the master of the hunt, in his red jacket, turned round with a red fox's bushy tail in his hand and handed it to the first lady on horseback present at the kill.

The farmer who had lost his hens rubbed his hands and smiled when he heard that two foxes had been killed that day. But when a fox is sitting quietly and doing no damage it is a beautiful animal. Sometimes nature has a cruel justice.

LYNNE TYLER (IIIb).

THE GHOST

One very foggy night in January I decided, with everyone's disapproval, to take my dog, Sandy, for a walk. It was very quiet and visibility was poor. Although it was only about six o'clock it was dark and everything seemed to have a mysterious atmosphere. The beginning of my walk was in a well-lit area, but, unfortunately, there was a very long stretch of the road which was unlit.

With the dog, I bravely walked into the shadows. Suddenly, I heard a movement in the hedge. I turned sharply round and saw a white object above the top of the hedge. Whatever direction I went in "it" moved also. The dog barked bravely at it, but because it moved towards him he quickly retreated behind me. Although I do not believe in ghosts, I was beginning to wonder just what was behind the hedge. I tried to convince myself that it was my imagination. I coaxed the dog on, watching the object very carefully. I knew there was a gate at the end of the hedge, so I forced myself to go and find out what it was.

On reaching the gate, I came face to face with a large white horse. What I had seen was his head, and he had been following me when I moved. Relieved, I turned and went home as fast as I could.

I made one resolution: Never would I go along that road again when it was foggy.

SANDRA DEAKINS (VA).

GAMES WITH NAMES

One lazy, drowsy afternoon in Form IA (perhaps it would be wiser for me not to say in which lesson it was) I must have let my attention wander for a while and, gazing round at my classmates, I began to think about names . . .

I was on a farm and Mr. Ander's son was fetching the Bullock to take him to market. Carefully leaving the Ramwell alone, he led the animal Wright across the yard Toomey. Slipping a Tanner into my hand he told me to fetch some Cooling water from the trough, as the animal was hot and thirsty. I thought what a Goodman he was, and that the job was cheap at half the Price, till I found the water had Ison it, and it was hard to break. Wondering if it was worth the effort, I tossed my coin to see if Taylor head would decide for me. Heads it was! I Newitt!

I picked up a mallet, which the stone Mason had left behind, and started to crack the ice . . .

"Anne MacAleese!"

"Oh dear! Who said that?"

I turned quickly to my work, hoping frantically that I would be able to find my place.

ANNE MacALEESE (IA).

MAIDEN CASTLE

While on holiday in Dorset in the summer, my mother, sister and I visited Maiden Castle.

This is not a castle, but an ancient earthwork dating from 2000 B.C., when it started as a late Stone Age village. Between that time and 1500 B.C. a bank-barrow, a Neolithic burial ground, was constructed, and five hundred feet of this can still be traced, although the village cannot be distinguished. From 1500 B.C. until the Iron Age, about 360 B.C., this part of the Downs was uninhabited. In 250 B.C. Maiden Castle was reoccupied and building was done where the east entrance is now. Later, the village was extended westwards, where the second entrance was made. A single rampart and ditch acted as defence.

Meanwhile, a tribe known as the Veneti, living in Brittany, traded with Cornwall across the Channel. This tribe, attacked by Julius Cæsar, was forced to flee to England, where a band of them took over Maiden Castle about 56 B.C. They increased the single rampart to the present three, in some places four, and constructed a complicated pattern of hills and ditches at the entrances. In A.D. 25, some Belgic settlers invaded it and, while they were there, the Romans came in A.D. 43 or 44, when there was a great battle at the east gate. The survivors deserted Maiden Castle in A.D. 70.

The latest inhabitants were priests, who lived near their temple from about A.D. 380 to the end of the sixth century.

The day we visited Maiden Castle, we arrived at the west entrance and climbed the main inner rampart, from which there was a magnificent view. It was windy on this ridge and the sun shone in our eyes as we walked along the south side towards the east entrance. This, though steeper, was not so intricate as the western end. On our way back along the north side we stopped to examine the excavations of a fourth century Roman temple and priests' house.

HELEN JACKSON (IV_A).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring Term opened on Tuesday, January 6th, and closes on Thursday, March 26th.

* * * *

On Wednesday, November 26th, members of the school branch of the Barnardo Helpers' League saw a film of Barnardo Homes in England.

* * * *

Towards the end of last term, Youth Employment Officers visited the School and talked to the Fifth Forms.

* * * *

On Saturday, December 6th, a party of Middle School pupils, accompanied by Miss Beauchamp and Miss Daykin, attended an international folk-dancing display in the Albert Hall.

The two country-dance parties were held towards the end of last term, the junior party on Friday, December 12th, the senior party on Tuesday, December 16th.

* * * *

At the carol service held in Alcester Parish Church on Friday, December 19th, the collection amounted to £11 18s. 3d. This has been donated to the Church of England Children's Society.

* * * *

In a hockey match between boys and girls, played in the last week of the Autumn Term, the boys' team won by four goals to nil.

* * * *

The sum of £15 was raised by the sale of spastic stamps in December.

* * * *

At the beginning of this term we welcomed to the Staff Mr. J. Watts, to take charge of the boys' physical training and games.

* * * *

On the results of the G.C.E. examinations last summer, County University awards were made to Bristow, Rouse and Jill Burford.

* * * *

On Tuesday, January 13th, a party consisting of members of the Sixth, with Mr. Thornton, attended the annual Conversazione at the Midland Institute, Birmingham.

* * * *

The Music Society meets during the dinner hour on Mondays, and after school on Fridays.

* * * *

A new Art Society is indebted for its founding to Miss Simm. On Monday, February 2nd, members visited an exhibition of the works of John Minden, and afterwards saw three films.

* * * *

Juliet Ross has been appointed a prefect this term.

* * * *

During the last week of the present term a party organised by Mr. Oldham is paying a week's visit to Paris.

* * * *

Everyone is looking forward to the extensive alterations and additions to the School buildings, which are planned for the near future. We are becoming quite accustomed to the sight of strange men parading the corridor with measuring tapes and large sheets of stiff paper, or sticking in the ground gaily striped posts here, there and everywhere in the School grounds.

* * * *

Half Term comprised Friday and Monday, February 13th and 16th.

* * * *

The half-yearly examination for the Sixth and Fifth Forms commenced on Tuesday, March 3rd.

Attendances in several Forms have been seriously affected this term by an epidemic of influenza, colds and coughs.

* * * *

A party from the Sixth and Fifth attended a performance of Molière's "L'Avare," at Birmingham University, on Wednesday, February 11th.

* * * *

Speech Day was held at the Hannah Susan Greig Memorial Hall on the afternoon of Thursday, February 26th. The certificates and prizes were presented by Miss Elizabeth Hess, N.D.H., Principal of Studley College. At the end of the proceedings, tea was provided in the School dining-room and hall.

CONVERSAZIONE, 1959

On Tuesday, January 13th, a party of Sixth Formers, composed mainly of scientists, visited the annual Conversazione, held at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Most of us were to travel up to Birmingham on the 5.35 p.m. bus from Alcester, but trouble started early. Three of our less "intelligent" members read the sign on the front of the bus, misinterpreted it, concluded the bus was going in the opposite direction, calmly waved to a friend on it, and watched it go by. They, however, reached Birmingham eventually, after much good work by the male part of the trio, and much fleetness of foot. For the remainder, the journey was enlightened by a rather peculiar conductor.

Two of the early arrivals from Redditch were made to parade in front of the television cameras, but, fortunately, the resulting pictures were not shown to the general public. Having arrived, we deposited coats and similar garments in the cloakroom, were given a pink or blue slip, and informed by the person in charge that our clothes would be kept to one side because we were leaving early.

Everybody now rushed to the large theatre to see a performance of "1066 and All That," which had already commenced. The group became very embarrassed, as first one member and then another tried to undo a sweet paper without making any noise. Many heads turned round and glared, wondering who the noisy offender was. Towards the middle of the play, there was an interruption. A man rose from his seat, professed to be a local schoolteacher, walked down the aisle hotly complaining of and condemning this gross "twisting" or falsification of British history. He was forcibly ejected amidst many cheers. This play proved to be very good entertainment, but was somewhat lacking in volume.

On departing from the theatre, all scrambled towards the refreshment room, but found that numerous others also had the same idea in mind. Somewhat reluctantly the group resolved to come back later. As time was precious, all agreed to make a hurried tour of the exhibition,

with the result that the party now split up into many small groups, each going its own particular way.

In the small theatre, there was a performance by the Lanchester Marionettes, and showing in the cinema was a programme of six short films.

Exhibits on the first floor dealt mainly with art subjects, and as such were neglected by the scientists. A very interesting exhibition on the second floor was the "Facets of Life," concerned with the work and reproduction of living cells. Another room was devoted entirely to the development of the telephone service. Interesting displays of disc brakes, navigation aids, weldings and castings, and tubular sporting goods absorbed many scientists, but the things which interested the group most were an exhibition of pendulums and clocks, many of peculiar design, shape and movement, and a model of the layout of an electronic brain, of which a descriptive commentary was automatically heard through telephone head-sets.

For the biologists, there was an aquarium exhibition and details of flora recordings in Warwickshire. Other items of interest were Britain's contribution to space research, showing apparatus installed in the Skylark rocket, many safes for modern security, and working amateur radio and television exhibits. A display of art and craft by local schools was admired also.

At about 9 p.m. most of the group visited the refreshment room, and obtained cakes and fizzy "pop" with the rendering of the necessary slip. At 9.15 p.m., all returned to the cloakroom to find the coats all spread over seats in a theatre. This necessitated a search with everybody clambering over seats, shouting, "Have you seen 251 pink or 11 blue?" Cloakroom attendants added to the confusion by generally getting in the way.

But all reached the terminus, correctly attired, in time. The journey home proved uneventful, except for some "crummy" jokes and the general "wrapped-upness" of some people.

We would all like to thank Mr. Thornton for arranging the outing, and for accompanying us, on what proved to be a very enjoyable evening.

M. BAILEY (VI).

A SCHOOLGIRL'S TROUBLES

I wish someone would tell me why
My shoes are never bright,
And why my laces come undone,
Although I've tied them tight.

My heels come bursting through my socks,
The first day they are worn,
I lose the buttons from my coat,
Somehow my clothes get torn.

Mum says some girls stay neat and clean,
And yet have lots of fun,
I wish they'd come to our house,
And show me how it's done!

JULIA BAILEY (IVa).

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

After the first few bars of the overture, the house lights begin to dim, throwing the brightly illuminated stage into relief. Another show is beginning. This lasts for about two hours usually, but is the product of months of preparation by the producer and his associates, as well as the artistes.

No, I am not referring to the grand shows in London's West End, but only to an annual show of a local school of dance, as I know it.

About four months before the show is due, it is roughly mapped out, the items and the music with them. Then follow weeks of hard work put in by the choreographer and her students. The mistresses of the wardrobe also start making something like fifty costumes, ranging from a jack-in-the-box outfit to a classical ballet-dress.

The musical side of the show will be either gramophone records or the piano, which is a good substitute.

After the following ten weeks, when everyone knows what he or she has to do at the precise moment, and ninety per cent. of the costumes have been fitted, the finishing touches are applied to the dances. (The "polish" is put on.)

The next headache is the dress rehearsal. For this, everyone who is to play a part in the making of the show is present. People who have not even been mentioned so far, "props" men, the lighting technician, the sound engineer, spotlight manipulators and effects men are all there for their final briefing before the big night. Special effects are decided on, and the final positioning of dancers and props is carried out. Critics are seated in various parts of the hall watching and listening for any defects in visibility or audibility. Make-up, another important factor in the presentation of a show, is applied heavily. This is because in ordinary skin-tones or ordinary make-up, a person looks ghastly white under the strong lighting (some eight thousand watts). It is attempted to run through the show as it would appear "on the night," but there are inevitable stops for minor improvements, and gesticulations from the critics that they "couldn't hear the last item but one."

Finally, everything is settled and artistes, critics, technicians and back-room boys alike retire, wishing the first night far away.

But it eventually comes with all its glory and disappointments. Anxious, enquiring faces peer round the dressing-room door surveying the hall of people, and the empty seats that are rapidly filling up.

"Two minutes to go," calls the stage manager-cum-compère from the wings; the silent cast count the seconds . . . "You're on!"

"Where's that card of grips I put down just now?" whispers a Polish girl.

"Over here," replies a blackbird.

During the show the stage becomes an oven for the performers, and they are relieved when cooling orange juice is obtainable in the interval.

When the show finally draws to a close, many of the cast want it to go on for ever and ever . . .

A firm bond of friendship links the dancers and singers as they face the sea of silent faces together, and as the strains of "God Save the Queen" echo through the auditorium, they realise the truth in the song, "There's no business like show business."

D. LANCASTER (VI).

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY CHRISTMAS LECTURES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

On January 3rd a mixed party of Fifth and Sixth Formers made their own way to Birmingham, ourselves among them. After many heated debates on the best way to Edmund Street, we arrived at the University without the loss of any friends. We took our seats in the Mason Lecture Theatre in plenty of time and saw several others from the School come in.

The lecture, which was on "Travel in Air and Space," was given by Dr. J. A. Newton-Friend. His lecture dealt briefly with man's conquest of the earth and seas; then more fully with the conquest of the air by balloon, piston- and jet-engined aircraft, and finally with the beginning of the conquest of space.

Whilst talking about balloons, Dr. Friend told a story about the famous scientist, Gay-Lussac, who jettisoned a heavy chair from his balloon in order to gain further altitude. Gay-Lussac gained several miles of altitude, and a Russian village gained a rather dirty chair and an argument as to whether such a chair could come from heaven, where everything is supposedly clean and pure.

Later, to the amazement of the mathematicians, Dr. Friend calculated the escape velocity from the earth in about two minutes. Somebody voiced the opinion that "he had got it fixed." He also demonstrated the principle of the rocket motor with a Hero's engine. He obtained a round of applause when it began to spin slowly—after a good push.

A vote of thanks was proposed by a boy from another school, and seconded by a girl, who said, "We all found Dr. Friend's lecture very amusing," and added, as an apparent afterthought, "and very interesting."

At the end of the lecture we made our way home, experiencing no major mishap.

We should like to thank, on behalf of all who attended the lecture, the members of the Staff who made the visit possible.

G. BENNETT & D. J. BRYAN (VA).

COMMONSENSE

In the present-day world of high academic opportunities, have you ever thought what an invaluable asset commonsense is? Take, for instance, a young relative of mine who is completely devoid of this. One day his father asked him to go to the local garage and see if they had a box-spanner. On arriving there and asking the garage man, he was told that if he would wait a little while, one would be made for him. A few minutes later the garage man offered him the box-spanner. The boy looked at him and solemnly said, "No, I don't want it; my father only wanted me to see if you had one." So he went home without the spanner and left behind him a puzzled garage man. However, this misunderstanding, which resulted entirely from a lack of commonsense, was soon put right.

On the other hand there was another boy who was one day travelling on a double-decker bus which had the misfortune to get itself wedged beneath a railway bridge too low to allow it to pass through. Many ways were tried to dislodge the vehicle, but all were of no avail until this young man calmly suggested that they should let down the tyres. This was done and it is thanks to the commonsense of this small boy that the bus was saved.

How mentally different these two boys are and I cannot help but wonder just how each of them will get on in the world in later years.

JUDITH TALLIS (VA).

A MIGHTY EFFORT

Publishing time is here again,
I'm trying with all my might and main
To think of something I can write,
Something witty, something bright.

First lines I can find galore,
But seem to manage nothing more;
I scratch my head and chew my pen,
Cross it out and start again.

Half an hour, an hour, goes by,
Others' pens are running dry;
I fear it is very plain to see,
That journalism's not for me.

R. J. BURN (IIIA).

VICTORY

The game approaches fast its close,
The score stands at a draw,
The team knows that to win the game
They've got to score one more.

The forwards race up in a line,
They run with all their might,
To reach the goal in time they must
Dodge both backs, left and right.

Oh! joy of joys! the backs are passed,
Now on to mounting fame,
The centre shoots and scores the goal,
To win the school the game.

PAULINE DOWNING (IVB).

DISAPPOINTMENT

As the train pulled out of the station I sat down in a crowded compartment with the words of my mother ringing in my ears: "Do not spend all your money." I thought, "A pound will not last me for two weeks," and I was right.

After a week at my aunt's I was penniless, so I asked my aunt if she knew where I could get a job to recoup myself. She told me I might get a job at Farmer Thomas's, and I went to him.

The farmer soon found me a job. He showed me to a large field of docks. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You pull up those docks and I'll give you two shillings and sixpence for every bushel sack you fill."

I set to work with a will, but I soon found out that the large-leaved docks were not as easy to pull out as they looked, and I soon had very rough hands; but I persevered. After three days the docks were all pulled, and I started to collect them together. How angry, and sad, I was, for all the docks filled only four sacks, as they had shrunk considerably in the bright sun.

A. W. TURNER (VB).

A SUCCESSFUL MISSION

It was almost dusk when the midget submarine was loaded on to the grey cruiser, anchored in the warm clear water of Gibraltar Harbour. The submarine was securely lashed down and the ship slowly glided out into the blue Mediterranean. The captain set a course for Marseilles, where a number of enemy ships lay at anchor.

The ship steadily ploughed on through the calm sea for several hours, while above her the drone of aircraft could be heard heading towards Malta. The atmosphere on board the ship was tense as she steamed on while, below decks, the submarine crew whiled away the time playing cards and writing letters to their families or friends. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the shrill sound of the ship's loudspeaker, telling the crew to get to their stations. The submarine was quickly unloaded and her crew boarded her. The hatches were closed and she slowly submerged, heading towards Marseilles.

After avoiding a night patrol, the submarine nosed into the harbour entrance, where she met with a wire submarine net. This was dealt with by one of the crew who donned a frogman's suit, left by the escape-hatch and cut through the net with a pair of special cutters. Another frogman then joined him, with two small limpet mines, and they swam off towards a large tanker. They affixed the mines to the hull of the ship and proceeded back to their submarine. Once inside, the submarine cautiously left the harbour and returned to the cruiser. When they climbed back on board, they saw a dark red glow in the sky—the result of their mission.

K. R. ODELL (IVA).

THE RHINE FALLS AND THE RIVER RHINE

One day, while we were on holiday in Switzerland, we decided to go to the Rhine Falls, which are on the borders of Germany and Switzerland but are in Swiss territory. We went to the Railway station in Lucerne and boarded the Red Arrow, which is a special private train. While we were on the train we could walk up to the guide, Walter, or to the driver, who drove at a cruising speed of eighty miles an hour. When we arrived at the falls we descended a pathway on to a concrete dais. The spray, which was blown all over us, was at its highest because of the melting snow off the mountains. At the foot of the falls there is an island which can be reached by a small rowing boat, with a rough journey before you get there. We were taken up to a tower where we could look down on to the falls through windows which had red, blue and green glass in them. This device gives a pleasing effect.

After having lunch we went on the train to Schaffhausen, where we boarded a boat and had a two-hour trip up the River Rhine. We landed at Stein-am-Rhein and, after having tea, we viewed the houses which have pictures from the Bible painted on them. The Red Arrow had come to the station at Stein-am-Rhein to collect us. We arrived back at Lucerne at about seven o'clock after a most exciting and enjoyable day.

JEANNETTA WILKES (III A).

A TALE OF TAILS

Once long ago in the seventh century, St. Egwin, Bishop of Worcester, heard that some blacksmiths in Alcester were working on Sundays. The saint was very annoyed and set out for Alcester to stop this practice at once.

Having arrived in Alcester he visited the blacksmiths and started to reproach them for working on Sundays, but before he could finish they began hammering on their anvils and drowning his voice. At last the saint grew impatient and cursed them. Immediately the men grew tails!

Ridiculous? Perhaps, but one never knows. After all, people living on the Continent in the Middle Ages quite seriously believed that Englishmen grew tails. Perhaps it all started in Alcester!

SHEILA SHEPPARD (V A).

"WHY MUST I GET UP?"

At eight each morning I feel a shake,
And with many a moan and groan, I wake;
I climb from my bed with grumbles and sighs,
And stand there dolefully rubbing my eyes.

I dress and start to go down the stairs,
"You're late," Mum says, as if anyone cares;
So to school I must trundle, I know it's a fact,
Oh! why did they pass such a horrible Act?

C. D. HANDY (V B).

OLLA PODRIDA

My puppy, writes G.C., greeted me with a few horse barks.

* * * *

According to K.D., we weighed the apparatus and left the scales on the pan.

* * * *

G.D. informs us that Mercutio died exclaiming, "A plague upon this house."

* * * *

Under the floor of a Roman house, M.R. writes, was a hollow supported by pillows.

* * * *

This lamp, a second form scientist tells us, was invented by Davy Disraeli and called the Davy Salty lam.

* * * *

The bridge (so J.H. relates) scanned a little river.

* * * *

M.H. enlightens us by stating that distillation is when the distillate distils.

* * * *

All through the flooding season, according to P.J., colds and flues have been common.

* * * *

The crowded beach at Llandudno, writes M.R., could be seen from the top of Great Alne.

* * * *

This was said between 1667 and 1774, states M.S., by a man named Phlogiston.

* * * *

A.D. informs us that the tall bookcase was brown and vanished.

* * * *

On the authority of R.G., Stahl was a pupil of Becker and he tried it out on him.

A MOUNTAIN

Mountain high, gaunt and grey,
What is your sorrow on this day?
With your mighty peak capped with snow,
Gazing down on the world below.

Winter's chill has brought you gloom,
Your Alpine flowers no longer bloom;
Your silv'ry brooks no longer play,
Your happy times have passed away.

But when the Spring at last does come,
And on your slopes the bees do hum,
Your sorrow like a cloud will lift,
And into pleasure you will drift.

ANN RAMWELL (IA).

AT THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY

On Monday, February 2nd, three members of Form VI, under the care of Miss Simm, went to Birmingham Art Gallery to see an exhibition of films selected from those in the collection of the Arts Council and the British Film Institute.

The first objective, however, was the tea-room, where hunger was assuaged amid interesting and pleasing modern-style surroundings.

At the Art Gallery was an exhibition of the works of John Minden. This strange artist seemed to have no style of his own. It was possible to trace practically all his works to various modern artists. The type of work that particularly impressed us was his paintings of ruins and slums. In these he almost always portrayed a boy, almost lost in the shadow of the foreground. This boy had always large, speaking eyes, and an empty, vacant expression. After a very brief tour of the Art Gallery, the party, which had split up, re-formed, and headed for the room where the films were to be shown.

The first film showed Rembrandt as a portrayer of human nature and as a master of light and its effect. In this film the stages of Rembrandt's life were told, and the film included his self-portraits from youth to old age.

The second film showed the struggle of William Blake to find a philosophy and to explain it. Some of the film showed terrifying pictures of Blake's images of hell, and the torments suffered there. The film ended with details from his painting, "The Last Judgment." In showing Blake's idea of the struggle of man to regain his original innocence of soul, his poetry was used, both spoken, by Bernard Miles, and sung, to the settings by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

The third and last film was of mobiles made by the American, Walter Calder. This film did not reach the standard of the other two. The succession of pictures of mobiles and the shadows they cast was very tiring to the eyes, and the background music was also tiring to the ears. It seemed to consist of someone haphazardly banging a xylophone at far too frequent intervals. The nicest thing about this film was the shots of Mr. Calder's small son, who demonstrated some of the mobiles.

At the end of the films, the party divided to make its several ways home.

Our thanks go to Miss Simm for organising and conducting this interesting outing.

ALISON JONES (VI).

THE PEDLARMAN

Hurrah! here comes the pedlarman,
In his small gay caravan;
The wheels are red, the chimney blue,
The colours are of the brightest hue.

He waves to us as he trundles along,
He is old, although his heart is young;
Selling to us both trinkets and lace,
With a smile on his weatherbeaten face.

SUSAN PERKINS (IB).

MY PET

My dog is a Dachshund. His name is Teesa. He is a golden brown nuisance sometimes, with a tail that looks like a TV aerial and a nose that seems to have a wheel on the end of it, because he runs along with it on, or very close to, the ground and never trips himself up.

He has one meal a day, which is at about four-thirty, but if he feels peckish before then he whines until he gets it. Being a dog with winsome ways, he generally gets a biscuit at breakfast time, and a few scraps of meat at dinner time. Mummy keeps saying: "He's getting too fat. We'll have to cut down his food." But it never happens, so Teesa carries on getting fat.

His one pet aversion is people who come to the door and are admitted into the house, but who do not sit down. Because of this, we have to have a chair by the door, and no matter who comes to the door, whether butcher, baker, coalman or our closest friends, they have to come in and sit down on it before we can get a word in edgeways. If he wants anything, he comes and sits by you, puts his foot on your foot, and presses with all his weight on it and, as a rule, gets what he wants. He has a way of knowing that when the cloth is put on the table for tea, it is time for me to come home, so he sits by the door and whines. I love my little pet, but sometimes I find him too much of a good thing.

VALERIE NICHOL (IIIa).

OUR SNOWMAN

We built a big snowman, both tall and fat,
With big black eyes and a trilby hat;
His buttons were made from bits of coal,
And his mouth was merely a tiny hole.

Next morning we looked through the window at him,
And to our surprise he was rather more slim,
With tears down his face; our pity grew stronger,
Until in the end we could bear it no longer.

Our poor little snowman looked aged and cold,
No longer he stood looking mighty and bold;
We took out a heater to brighten his day,
And when we next looked he had melted away.

PAT JONES & MARY BOTT (IIa).

OUR DAY AND AGE

"My name is Grenfell, Stephen Grenfell,"
This is what he says,
"To tell a story is my job
Of our day and age."

And once again he rambles on,
And this is what he tells,
Of great disasters old or new,
Or ghostly pealing bells.

On and on the story goes,
As he turns another page,
And as we all sit enthralled,
"That was, Our Day and Age."

KATHLEEN HARTWELL (IVb).

DANCING IN THE ALBERT HALL

On December 6th we left Alcester at half-past nine in the charge of Miss Daykin and Miss Beauchamp, who had kindly organised the trip. We travelled via Stratford and picked up the remainder of the party. After making a stop at Studley Green, where we had light refreshments, and passing the White City Stadium, we reached the Albert Hall soon after one o'clock. As the festival did not begin until three o'clock, we walked through Hyde Park. Those of us who had bread, fed the pigeons. After window shopping in Kensington, we returned to the hall and found our seats. While we were waiting for the performance to begin, we noticed the Royal Box, which had a crown over it.

There were two parts to the performance, with an interval of about fifteen minutes.

Both parts consisted of dances from Jugoslavia, Estonia, Spain, Germany, New Zealand, Ceylon, Sweden, Russia, Indonesia, Austria and Hungary. The Russian dances were definitely the most popular ones. The dancers were very acrobatic; the costumes were made of coloured silk, and the music was very lively. The Jugoslavian dances were very graceful, being danced around a candle. The dresses, like all the others, were very colourful. The women wore coloured headdresses and skirts with white or coloured blouses and also white aprons. The men wore white socks and shirts, with breeches.

After the show, the driver kindly suggested driving us round to see the Christmas lights of London. We saw Trafalgar Square, Big Ben and many pretty lights.

The return journey was very foggy, but we reached Alcester safely at about half-past ten.

JANET SUMMERS & KATHARINE STRASSER (IIA).

MY VISIT TO A SLATE QUARRY

During the summer holidays we went to stay in North Wales for two weeks. We stayed in the heart of the mountains in a little village called Rhiwlas, which was not very far from a slate quarry.

The boy who lived next door was a good friend to us and he asked us if we wanted to go and see Penrhyn Quarry. We were delighted at his proposal and decided to go the next day.

We set off about eleven o'clock in the morning and caught the old village bus at the end of the lane. It rumbled through many narrow lanes and under low bridges until at last we reached the entrance to the quarry. The boy next door, whose name was Emlyn Hughes, knew the quarry well, as his father worked there. First of all, he took us into the first set of buildings where his uncle worked. In there were many machines with huge blades, which cut the slate into its various sizes. To our surprise we received many samples from nearly all the men, who were all anxious to give us souvenirs. Loaded up with pieces of slate, we went into a small hut at the bottom of a steep incline, where a small cable railway ran which was used for hauling up slate. After a lot of

gabbling in Welsh, Emlyn arranged for us to go up at our own risk. It was a frightening trip, but after what seemed ages we safely reached the top. From there we went to see some blasting right down in the quarry. From where we were the men looked like insects. When they had lit the fuses they all ran full tilt into the huts, which had walls about five feet thick.

After that we went to see some more cutting machines and, as it was nearing lunch time, decided to have our sandwiches, but we were invited to have a cooked meal in the canteen.

We passed the afternoon watching the men working and then went home on the men's hometime bus after a very interesting day.

S. RIGBY (IIIa).

A WEEK-END ILLNESS

As you lie in bed
With your aching head,
You cannot get to sleep.
That boring book
You've read and read,
And now you're counting sheep.

One, two, three, four,
Surely there's more.
Your head now starts to cool,
Your hopes sink low,
For now you know,
Tomorrow you'll go to school.

M. BRAND (IVb).

TIGER HUNT

It all started in the small village of Parasia, in India. A tiger had been wounded by a hunter called Jim Rogers. It had gone almost mad with pain and had fled to the jungle round this village. As it went, the tiger left a thin trail of blood behind it, which decreased to a few drops and then stopped almost completely. Then the animal spotted a pool of water and crawled to it, weak through loss of blood. After it had drunk its fill, the tiger, spotting a small cave, crawled towards it. It entered and slipped on the wet floor, catching its wound on the wall, thus opening it up again. But the pain-maddened creature went down to the farthest depths of the cave, where a maze of rocks confronted it. This would provide shelter from the hunter to some extent. The tiger was now breathing heavily and painfully, but its wound was slowly clotting.

Three nights later the wound had almost healed and the tiger, very hungry now, went hunting. The village was almost deserted, but two small native children were playing outside one hut. Suddenly, there was a snarl, a scream, and the tiger and its prey disappeared into the night.

The village was in a commotion in the morning, for everyone was preparing for a tiger-hunt. All the villagers carried something that would make a noise, and one old man carried something that looked like a squashed French horn. The two white hunters were equipped with elephants and rifles.

The party set off, with elephants and white hunters following

behind the beaters and the hunters themselves followed by the noise-makers, who were making enough din to be heard ten miles away. Then came a startled exclamation and the hunters swung round, guns at the ready. A native was waving frantically and a small group of men was clustered round, jabbering excitedly. When the white men arrived, they saw the skeleton, which was the tiger's prey, picked clean by kites and jackals. The tiger-hunt carried on until they arrived at the mouth of the tiger's den. One hunter, John McCloud, switched on his torch and immediately spotted the drops of blood from the tiger's wound. Cautiously the two men went down to the tiger's lair and came to the maze of rocks. Everything was quiet. Then John's companion spotted it, perched on a ledge behind them. He shouted a warning to John and as he did so the tiger sprang. John fired quickly, but missed the animal and then it was on him, tearing at his throat with tooth and claw. The other man fired a shot through the tiger's head, but he was too late to save John's life.

The procession went home with mixed feelings. A man-eater had been disposed of, but a costly price had been paid.

R. BRADLEY (III A).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

The writing of these notes has once more been entrusted to the scientists.

An atmosphere of concentrated work has settled this term over most of the Upper Sixth, all of whom will be taking Advanced and Scholarship level exam. papers next term, and to every one of them we wish the best of luck and all success. Many, too, are busy applying for admission to various universities and colleges, wondering whether they will get there and expressing the universal desire for easy exam. papers. Several obtained Ordinary level subjects successfully at Christmas, much to their relief.

Some, however, still find time to indulge in numerous frivolities, particularly one male member with an ever-changing hair-style, who found himself the subject of much comment at the end of last term. This was due to the fact that a certain girl prefect had an unfortunate accident with a glass of milk while standing in the vicinity of the above-mentioned male, with the result that he had to roam within the school buildings for a considerable time in a most unconventional state of dress. The same day another accident occurred involving the aforesaid girl prefect, this time in the corridor, and for a long time, as most of the School will know, there was an atmosphere about that area reminding one of a rather low-grade perfumery.

The old Sixth Form ejaculation of "Stone me!" has recently died away, and was for a while replaced by an even more illiterate and meaningless phrase, "Bang, you 'as it, mate!" or words to this effect, apparently instigated by the owner of the famous locker (at present he claims the ownership of three lockers). It is to be hoped, however, that the craze has completely died away, lest it cause annoyance to members of the Staff.

A new arrival at the beginning of term temporarily upset the rather even tempo of Sixth-Form life, causing a special stir among the Upper Sixth, which, for reasons unknown, took some considerable time to subside.

On Tuesday, January 13th, a party of scientists and semi-scientists visited the annual *Conversazione* at the Birmingham and Midland Institute. An impression of this visit, which proved very interesting, appears on another page.

Meanwhile, life goes on comparatively quietly, punctuated only by such things as arguments, usually heated, over the possibilities of West Bromwich Albion winning the F.A. Cup, ending invariably with black looks and heavy betting between those concerned. Even these disturbances have now become less frequent, as everybody is becoming more and more aware of a looming black cloud—examinations.

JULIET ROSS (VI).

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS FOR GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

In the examinations held in the autumn, passes at Ordinary level were obtained by the following candidates :—

Form VI

D. Ash, *French*; H. A. Heyes, *French*; J. Holt, *French*; B. E. Jones, *English Literature and French*; S. A. Langston, *History*.

Form Va

K. Renshaw, *Religious Knowledge*.

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

Once more I wish to express my gratitude to all the members of the league for making our annual contribution the usual excellent one. To contribute about £80 a year from this School is no small achievement and I am very proud of it.

The boxes yielded £62 5s. 4d., a sum which is only possible because so many collectors adopt a regular system. There are some members who unfailingly, week by week, put some of their pocket money into their box, while others make it a practice to collect all coins of a certain value—even halfpennies! These are excellent schemes and sometimes parents can be persuaded to adopt them also! The Christmas Tree Collection amounted to £15 7s. 2d., almost exactly the same sum as last year. One of the most pleasing features is that I was able to enrol 31 new members from the First Forms after Miss Phillips had shown them films of the work done in some of the homes. This brings our membership up to 125.

Four members of six years' standing qualified for the Founder's Service Award. They are Patricia Cund (O.S.), Anita Bird, Diane Day and Jennifer Weaver. The following earned the Short-service Badge: Jennifer Mason, Anne Pinfield, Helen Jackson, Valerie Welch, Josephine Moore, Pauline Downing, Mary Jordan, Susan Tillsley, R. Carleton, B. Wimlett, A. Stallard.

H.M.H.

FOOTBALL*Captain:* Cotter.*Secretary:* Bailey.

The standard of our teams has improved this term owing to the addition of several new members, among whom must be mentioned our first team goalkeeper, who plays for Worcester County Juniors. Owing to these additions the forward lines of both teams have been altered, the defences remaining the same.

This term we welcome our new Games Master, Mr. J. Watts.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. King's Norton G.S. 1st XI (away), drawn, 1-1.
	v. Chipping Campden G.S. 1st XI (away), drawn, 2-2.
A.G.S. Under-15 XI	v. King's Norton G.S. Colts (away), won, 3-2.
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. Under-15 XI (away), drawn, 2-2.
	P. COTTER.

HOCKEY*Captain:* Barbara Jones.*Secretary:* Gillian Clews.

So far this term practices have been held during the dinner hour on Fridays and on Thursdays after school. Owing to bad weather and illness, many of these have had to be cancelled, but the results of the matches at the beginning of the term showed that the teams had not suffered from loss of practice.

The 1st XI gained a convincing victory over Worcester Grammar School and the 2nd XI showed how much they had improved by losing only 1-3 in their return match with Worcester. In their first match against Worcester this season they lost 0-8.

We were unable to field two teams for our matches against Stratford Grammar School, because of illness. We therefore played an "A" team, which consisted of a number of 2nd XI players. They gained valuable experience from this match and the team played a good hard game which resulted in a 4-4 draw.

The 1st XI hope to play a match against the Staff at the end of this term and also hope to reverse the score of 0-4 in a return match against the Boys' XI.

The 1st XI has consisted of G. Draycott, G. Clews, R. Patterson, C. Baylis, J. Pirie, J. Holt, R. Wright, E. Ison, M. Wilks, S. Ingram and B. Jones.

The 2nd XI has been chosen from J. Wilkes, C. Oram, K. Hartwell, P. Ison, V. Prokain, D. Smith, G. Nightingale, M. Jordan, J. Duxbury, H. Parker, I. Jones, W. Wright, C. Smith, I. Highman and P. Brookes.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Worcester G.S. (home), won, 5-1.
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 2-6.
"	v. Ragley Ladies (home), lost, 0-7.
A.G.S. "A" XI	v. Stratford G.S. (home), drawn, 4-4.
A.G.S. 2nd XI	v. Worcester G.S. (home), lost, 1-3.
"	v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 1-2.

B. JONES.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS**FOOTBALL**

A.G.S. 1st XI	v. Tewkesbury G.S. (home), drawn, 3-3.
"	v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 3-5.
"	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 0-3.
"	v. Old Scholars (home), lost, 2-4.
A.G.S. Under-15 XI	v. Tewkesbury G.S. (home), lost, 1-3.
"	v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), lost, 0-9.

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